

# The Yazoo Democrat.

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VOLUME I. YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1858. NUMBER 17.

## Professional Cards.

N. G. NYE, Attorney at Law, Yazoo City.

WILL practice his profession in both Yazoo City and Canton. They will attend the Circuit, Chancery, and Probate Courts in Yazoo, Madison and Holmes Counties, the High Court of Errors and Appeals, and the Circuit Court of the United States at Jackson. They will attend to the unfinished business of N. G. & S. E. Nye, November 6, 1858. (6m)

A. M. HARLOW, Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

WILL practice in the Probate and Circuit Courts of Yazoo and Holmes Counties; and, also, in the High Court of Errors and Appeals at Jackson. [Oct. 9/58-ly]

D. W. SANDERS, Attorney at Law, Lexington, Holmes County, Mississippi.

September 11th, 1858. [ly]

C. F. HAMER, W. V. HENDERSON, HAMER & HENDERSON, Attorneys at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Courts held at Jackson. Sept. 1, 1858. [1-ly]

J. R. RUSSELL, J. M. ARMISTEAD, Attorneys at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.

Sept. 1, 1858. [ly]

W. S. EPPERSON, Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.

And Commissioner for Louisiana and Mississippi in the Courts of Yazoo, and the other counties composing the Fifth Judicial District and the Courts at Jackson. [Sept. 1, 1858. ly]

J. T. RUSSELL, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.

WILL practice in the courts of Yazoo and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson. Collections promptly attended to. [Sept. 1, 1858. ly]

K. S. G. PERKINS, Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

WILL practice in the Circuit Courts of Leake, Attala and Holmes counties, the several courts in Yazoo County, and the Court held at Jackson. [Sept. 1, 1858. ly]

W. BROOKER, A. K. SMEDS, Attorneys at Law, Vicksburg, Miss.

WILL confine to practice their profession in the Circuit, Chancery and Probate Courts of Warren County, at Vicksburg, Washington County, at Greenville; Bolivar County, at Wellington; Issaquena County, at Tallahatchie; and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson. [Sept. 1, 1858. ly]

DE. J. H. WILSON, PERSHES his services to the citizens of Yazoo City and vicinity.

Office at P. B. Cook & Co's Drug Store. He can be found at night at the residence of Mrs. Caradine. [Sept. 1, '58 ly.]

R. K. HOLMES, M. D., H. YANDELL, M. D., DR. HOLMES & YANDELL.

HAVE associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Benton and surrounding country. BENTON, Miss., Sept. 1, 1858. ly.

HENRY LAURENCE, DENTIST.

Office on Main Street, Yazoo City.

REFERENCES: Dr. Leake & Barnett, Yazoo City.

E. Townsend, M. D., Philadelphia.

J. B. McClellan, M. D., New Orleans.

G. W. Smith, Dentist, New Orleans.

F. H. Knapp, Mobile.

J. C. Nott, M. D., Mobile.

Yazoo City, September 1, 1858.

Will be absent on professional business for a few weeks from the 15th of November.

PETER B. COOK & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, FINE TOILET SOAPS.

Whether the mother will accompany her to England we are not informed. The joy of the father, on the restoration of his long-lost child, can be better imagined than described.

A musical instrument bill, exempting from seizure for debt musical instruments to the value of \$250, used by any person in practicing or teaching music, has been before the Vermont Legislature.

A shipment of moss beef, lately arrived from California to Australia, proved on examination to be pickled kangaroo.

A SECRET.—It is a secret known to but a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life. When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steel.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

TAXATION—BIG BANKS AND LITTLE BANKS.

Whenever an article appears in the Avalanche upon the subject of banking, the bankers turn up their sneering noses and, with an air of lordly disdain, ejaculate—"That subject is stale—threadbare—exhausted." It may be a very disagreeable and uninteresting theme to the mushroom aristocrat, and to the nabob who has amassed a large fortune by a dishonest system of espionage, but it is one of vital and essential magnitude to the hard-fisted laborer, who has so often been fleeced out of his hard earnings by these heartless sharks. There is not a mechanic in Memphis who has not been cheated and defrauded out of his hard earnings by these swindling rag-shops, called banks; and this class will never grow weary in reading and supporting the paper that is striving to protect their labor from the pillage of the plunderers. The hard-fisted yeoman of the hills and hollows, who whistles as he goes, and sings as he mauls rails, has often been the dupe of the designing and unprincipled money-scriveners, and, therefore, does not regard the bank question as "stale, thread-bare or exhausted." So far as this newspaper is concerned, they shall have for the future, as they have heretofore, the truth, however unpleasant to monopoly. The evident tendency of banking is to "make the rich richer and the poor poorer;" but the discussion of so grave a subject is not a franchise exclusively for the rich, nor is an infringement of this aristocratic prerogative by the poor barbarians a crime that deserves death by fire and faggot.

We are opposed to all banks from principle. We care not a fig for any particular institution. We have no wish to pull down any specific bank and to build on its dis-honored ruins another. We do not desire to drive away the present swarm of fat and satiated flies that a more hungry and rapacious brood may take their place. We observe that a few papers and politicians are opposing specific banks and bankers, without reference to principle. They exhibit an amazing amount of pot-vol in hunting down starveling, unfledged new banks of small capital, struggling into life. This, we presume, is prompted by the great banks; for, when they are asking new charters, they are industrious in propagating the notion that all the villainy of banking is with the small institutions, and all the virtue with themselves, and manage to keep their little dogs, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart in constant yelp after the small banks—they save all the while enjoying a great deal of composure, and attracting marked veneration.

We have no defense to offer for the small banks; but we cannot admit that valor which shuts its eyes to the delinquencies of powerful corporations, to assail, traduce and hunt down weak and lowly concerns, a dozen of which could not do, together, if purposely bent on it, one-half the harm that is constantly perpetrated by a single one of the great banks, to whose iniquities many gallant people are so blind and amiable kind. While pursuing this poor, lean, weak, small game, we shall strike at the big fish which are so anxious to eat up the little ones. "The Greeks are at our door!" and since an effort is being made to show to the world how little banks would act, we shall occasionally show how big banks do act.

While upon the subject of banking, an idea occurs to us which we will hereafter express. It is in regard to taxation. We have not seen the law, but it is a well known fact that banks are not taxed as other property. They are, in the first place, granted exclusive privileges upon the subject of taxation. We trust the next Legislature will blot from the statute books such an odious distinction and increase four-fold the taxation upon the banking capital of the State. We go for equality in taxation. Moneyed corporations should be taxed at the same rate that your cows, horses, sheep, hogs, farming utensils, beds, bedding and wearing apparel are taxed. Banks have no souls, they can't work the roads, nor do military duty, but they do control your political and domestic affairs—and this by the favoritism of Government. And we think that they should pay for it, as you, reader, are made to pay for every falling drop of your sweat; for your hardened hands; for every clod of earth in your fields; for the brick, mortar, wood and stone in your houses; for the hay and straw in your barns; for the meat, flour, potatoes and turnips in your kitchen and cellars; for the tea, coffee, milk and cream you drink; for every hour you sleep; for every stroke of labor you strike; for the chairs, tables, stands, wares, carpets and all furniture in your parlors and chambers; for the money with which you build the churches in which you worship—with which you pay for the very Bible that points you to Whom you should pray at night, and return thanks in the morning—nay, for the very shrouds and coffins in which you wrap and deposit your deceased brother, sister, child, father, mother or wife!

For all these, and all else you own or owe, in some direct or indirect way, you pay taxes. You pay taxes on your wealth, and on your poverty—and shall the banker not pay in equal proportion on all the means and elements he employs to fill his pockets with his easy-earned thousands?

Nine months have elapsed since the great earthquake in Naples, which caused such destruction of life and property, and nothing has been done to rebuild the fallen cities, or to relieve the sufferers by the catastrophe.

A SECRET.—It is a secret known to but a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life. When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steel.

From the Concord (N. H.) Democratic Standard.

The following letter came into our possession accidentally. It contains some sharp expressions, which the writer, if he had supposed it would appear in print, would have modified and softened perhaps. We give it a place in the columns of The Standard to show our readers the state of exasperation which exists in the Southern mind growing out of the denunciations and interference with their institutions by the fanatics of the North. It is time this crusade against the rights of our Southern brethren had ceased.

CARROLLTON, Miss., Sept. 30, 1852.

G. S. TOWLE, Esq., Editor of "The Granite State Whig," Lebanon, N. H.

SIR:—I herewith mail to you a copy of your "Whig" of September 3d, sent to a Mr. J. G. Smith, at Coila P. O., this county, and from the appearance of the address, it is presumed it was sent direct from your office. The P. M. knowing no Smith of that christened name in the habit of receiving his mails through that office, carried the paper in his pocket for several days, inquiring throughout the country if such a Smith lived in it, and failing to find the one addressed, he handed me the paper with the request that after perusal I would return it to you with the cause of its return. And in justice to Mr. Farmer, the P. M., I will say that in his search for the owner, he was not actuated with the motive merely to give it to him, but to ascertain if he subscribed for it, in order that he might be held up, if such were true, and receive that scorn and contempt from all good citizens which a subscription to such an infamous sheet as yours would merit. It may perhaps be news to you, to hear that public opinion here regards a subscriber to such a sheet as but little less base and treacherous to the South than the Editor thereof is to the constitution of our common country. Your subscriber, if such there be, in this county, has merited the condemnation of every high minded citizen, for wishing to assist you in your hellish undertaking, and if he could be discovered, they would soon send for him a rail to ride or a coat of tar and feathers for him to wear.

The Legislature of our State has interposed the sovereign arm of the law against the introduction and circulation of any book or paper of a seditious character, or advocating abolitionism; and our P. M.'s are men of too much integrity to suffer such an abolition paper as this to pass through their office without reporting them.

What a contrast is here presented!—Whilst the Democratic journals of the North are received and circulated with pleasure, your Black Republican sheets are prohibited, as would be the introduction of an infectious plague.

I see from an editorial in this copy of your paper that you are advocating a union of all the oppositions at the North against the National Democracy. Have you ever had a serious thought upon the consequences of the overthrow of that constitutional party, if its administration be changed for that of the Black Republicans? Do you suppose that the South is so lost to all honor; so lost to all independence and self-respect as to tamely submit to the rule of your infamous party? If so, banish from your bosom such an illusion, for surely as you live it would prove an illusion.

The South is awake to the true motives and intentions of your party. She is aware that the numerous aggressions of the North upon her rights in the last thirty years are but the prelude to one great, desperate struggle to wrest from her that "peculiar institution," which has been transmitted to her sacred keeping, and which has become a part of her existence—with which she will prosper and grow powerful among the mightiest nations of earth, but without which she would sink into oblivion. A submission to further aggression upon her rights, even your fanatics in their frenzy should not expect of her.

Should the Black Republicans be placed in power and inaugurate the policy they have always advocated, the days of the Republic would indeed be numbered, and I for one would rejoice. Your party in its fanaticism has gone far enough; remember, "there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue." Or else the time may come when the South, writhing under the wrongs repeatedly inflicted upon her by the North, will have to appeal to the God of Battles for redress. And, if such shall ever be the case, we of Mississippi, conscious that we have a holy cause—a cause sanctioned by the God of our fathers and by our religion, with this taunting word

"We know our rights, And knowing dare defend them!"—will ever be found where duty calls the brave so long as we can yield the sword or handle the rifle.

Your party has ever harped on the aggressions of the South, and this in the face of the fact, that there has never been one aggression of that character, whilst those of your section upon the South have been innumerable.

Why is it that you distort history so, if it be not to deceive the people, and upon that deception to appeal to their prejudices? I say again, your party has gone far enough. It is time that it should cease its egregiously aggravated falsehoods—base lies! I will call them—for such they are—about the horrors of slavery as it exists here. Have some little regard for the truth. And if it be for so doing you will go unrewarded on earth, you surely will receive your reward in the world hereafter. Heaven has no place for a Black Republican.

Yours, &c., F. W. KEYES.

A Scotch Military Company is being formed in New Haven, Conn., to wear a Highland dress.

HONORS TO GEN. QUITMAN.

The following resolutions have been unanimously adopted by both houses of the Arkansas Legislature:

Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, That the people of Arkansas have heard, with profound regret, of the death of the hero and statesman, John Anthony Quitman.

Though the State of Mississippi claimed him as her own, his name and fame are the common property of the nation whose interests he ably defended, and whose flag he proudly bore on many a well-contested field, and carried in triumph through the Belen gate into the City of Mexico—while his memory is cherished by all the people of the South, whose gallant champion he was.

In every station he filled—as legislator, judge, soldier and statesman, he adorned and illustrated it by his surpassing abilities and spotless character. In the field, in the forum, or on the bench, his bearing was that of a gallant gentleman, his aims were always just and his was an integrity for which the universe held no bribe.

His clear and far-sighted mind early saw the importance of the acquisition of Cuba and the spread of Democratic principles over our neighboring territory. To this end he labored, and had he lived, this important step would have been sooner and honorably taken. An upholder and exponent of the doctrine of State rights, he never wavered for a moment in their defense; and was their firm and consistent advocate.

In his death, on the eve of a momentous struggle, the South lost a man whom she could ill spare.

Resolved, That the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, in common with the people of the South, mourn the death of one whose brilliant mind and unblemished character won for him the proud title of the Chevalier Bayard of the South; without fear and without reproach.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the journals as a testimony of respect for a great man, whom all loved and honored, and that copies of the same be transmitted by the Governor of the State, to the widow of General Quitman, and to the Governor of Mississippi.

Resolved, further, That the members of this General Assembly wear emblems on the left arm for thirty days as a testimony of grief for the loss to the nation of General John A. Quitman.

Adopted unanimously by the Senate. J. D. KIMBELL, Secretary of the Senate.

Unanimously concurred in by the House of Representatives. S. M. SCOTT, Clerk of the House of Representatives.

A DEPLORABLE AFFAIR.

We learned the particulars of an affair, says the Nashville Union, which has not only involved a worthy family in the deepest distress, but has created an intense excitement in DeKalb county. Thursday Mr. Henry Frazer, residing seven miles from Smithville, in DeKalb county, came to this city in search of a daughter fifteen years old, who had been abducted by a free negro, who has eloped with her, with the intention of marrying or perhaps prostituting her. But after diligent search, aided by the police, he could hear nothing of them, and under the impression that they had attempted to keep their way across the country through Kentucky to Ohio, or some other free State, he yesterday, with a heavy heart, set out to retrace his steps, in the hope that he might learn something in DeKalb county in relation to the course they have taken.

It appears that Mr. Frazer hired the negro, who is known by the name of Jackson Hunt, alias Hilliard, about the first of the present year, to work on his farm, in which capacity he has continued in Frazer's employ, and during the time has in some way won the affection of Miss Harriet Frazer, a girl of fifteen years of age; yet she managed to conceal the fact from her parents. Hunt's mother is a white woman, though he is a dark mulatto. It is said that this woman hinted to a neighbor of Frazer a month or so ago that her son intended to elope with Miss Frazer, though when this report reached the ears of the young lady's parents they seemed to have regarded it as an idle boast. They had the utmost confidence in their daughter, and could not believe that she would so degrade herself as to make a negro her equal in this manner.

The negro is represented as an ignorant fellow, with far less shrewdness than is usually possessed by a mulatto, and Mr. Frazer thinks his mother played a prominent part in this disgraceful affair. If so, she ought to be dealt with in a very summary manner.

Mr. Frazer is represented to us by gentlemen of DeKalb county as a man of respectability and wealth, and he feels keenly the disgrace his imprudent daughter has brought upon his family.

The father, in his advertisement for the arrest of the parties, thus describes them: Said boy is about 5 feet 10 inches high, dark mulatto color, spare made, weighs about 140 or 150 pounds, good countenance, steps short in walking, aged about 20 years; had on when last seen by me new black clothing and probably a bluish hat. Said boy is accompanied by a white girl, my daughter, whom he abducted, and is running away with; and it is supposed they are aiming to make their way to a free State. My daughter, named Harriet, is about 15 years old, well grown for that age, weighs about 130 or 140 pounds, fair complexion, slightly freckled, rather coarse featured, hazel eyes, dark or brown hair, can read print well, and writing poorly; had on when she left, a black shawl with a flower in one corner of it, and a home-made cotton dress; and with her, in a home-made satchel, two worsted dresses alike.

## Poetry.

THE SUSAN'S TRIP.

THE N. O. Delta announces that Lieut. White, of the revenue service, who was taken off by Capt. Maury on the schooner Susan, has arrived in that city. He gives, says the Delta, an interesting account of the Nicaragua emigrants on board the Susan. The following is a condensed account of Lieut. White's visit. After Capt. Maury had given the officers the slip, the Delta says:

He (Lieut. White) told Captain Maury that he should order the vessel to come to anchor. Maury replied laughingly, "You can order, Lieutenant, but your order will not be obeyed."

A vessel was visible on the starboard quarter, which he supposed was one of the fleet, but which Captain Maury said was the cutter; and remarked facetiously that the "d—n cutter stuck to them like a leech, and seemed bound to follow them."

Morning found them scudding before the northern, with a goodly number of sea-sick men lying around the decks. The old schooner, which Mr. White informs us was at one time condemned, groaning and bent in the heavy sea, but Maury was in for a quick trip and was determined to make her do her best.

Mr. White states that he was treated in the kindest manner possible, and was offered a pruning hook and pike, if he would join his fortunes with theirs, but that he politely declined, though he was of opinion that a more resolute and determined set of officers and men could not have been picked out to be sent upon an expedition to Nicaragua. They all stated that they should resist to the death any attempt made by any foreign vessel to take them.

The officers spent their time reading and indulging in champagne; a number of baskets of the latter being stowed away under the berth. And while sitting around the social board, many good yarns were spun, Maury always coming in with the best—presenting a striking appearance with his blue flannel pants, red shirt, cap, and high topped boots. Maury, who is as thorough a sailor as ever placed his foot on the deck of a vessel, related an anecdote illustrative of his dead reckoning sailing, which many of his friends will no doubt recognize. During the Cuban excitement, and just at the time that Crittenden and others had been shot at Havana, a crew of a shipwrecked Spanish brig were taken to Mobile, and the Spanish Consul fearing for their lives, engaged Maury to take them to Havana. Starting with his little schooner he ran down and made the headlands of Cuba, and went into Havana by guess. Going abroad of one of our men-of-war, which was lying in the port, the Commander asked him if his chronometer was all right. Maury laughed and said he had not a single instrument on board. "How did you come down, Capt. Maury?" inquired the Commander. "Steered for it, sir, and made it," replied Maury. "Ah! but," replied his questioner, "how do you expect to return?" "Well, the fact of it is," said Maury, in his peculiar way, "we laid in a pretty good stock of champagne before we started, and as each bottle was finished (and it was not long between drinks I assure you) I threw it over the stern, and I am going to sail back by the bottles!" The commander eyed him pretty closely and set him down for a fast boy. Some weeks afterwards, it is told of the commander, that when out in the gulf he spied something floating on the water, and calling his quartermaster, took the spy-glass and bore down on it. Seeing that it was a bottle, he said to the lieutenant on watch, "There is some of Capt. Maury's longitude."

Mr. White says that the men are very much crowded, and we might well expect such to be the case, when we come to think of two hundred and twenty men, besides the crew, upon the vessel of about eighty tons. There was not the least sign of dissatisfaction when Mr. White left, and he describes them dancing on the deck of the vessel in the heavy swell to the music of a fiddle, the performer sitting upon the capstan, and calling out the figures with as much earnestness as if he were seated upon the platform of the Odd Fellows' Hall.

It was the intention of Captain Maury to put Mr. White upon the first homeward bound vessel, and though they saw several before they met the Oregon, they were all too far to windward. The sea was very rough when the transfer was made, and it proved to be rather a dangerous undertaking. The swell was so great that, after the yawl was cast off from the Susan, the Lieutenant could only get a glimpse of her now and then. The last glimpse he got of her, he saw the men still dancing, and Captain Maury standing on the after-deck, waving in his hand the Nicaraguan flag.

Amy, the negro woman of Samuel G. Jones, who was enticed from his service the past fall, while on a visit to New York, and whose request to be permitted to return to her master we published a short time since, has been furnished with the means and returned to her home in Montgomery, thoroughly satisfied with the liberty free negro life in New York affords. She says her colored friends persuaded her that slavery was a sinful institution, and that she, as a Christian woman, was bound to repudiate it. Amy further states that after a few weeks she found employment as chambermaid to a lady, who told her that she had done wrong in quitting her owner, as according to the negro herself, she was well treated and had a good home with him. This suggestion induced her to return, and she expresses the belief that she would have starved or frozen had she remained.

[Columbus (Ga.) Sun.

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Morning found them scudding before the northern, with a goodly number of sea-sick men lying around the decks. The old schooner, which Mr. White informs us was at one time condemned, groaning and bent in the heavy sea, but Maury was in for a quick trip and was determined to make her do her best.

Mr. White states that he was treated in the kindest manner possible, and was offered a pruning hook and pike, if he would join his fortunes with theirs, but that he politely declined, though he was of opinion that a more resolute and determined set of officers and men could not have been picked out to be sent upon an expedition to Nicaragua. They all stated that they should resist to the death any attempt made by any foreign vessel to take them.

The officers spent their time reading and indulging in champagne; a number of baskets of the latter being stowed away under the berth. And while sitting around the social board, many good yarns were spun, Maury always coming in with the best—presenting a striking appearance with his blue flannel pants, red shirt, cap, and high topped boots. Maury, who is as thorough a sailor as ever placed his foot on the deck of a vessel, related an anecdote illustrative of his dead reckoning sailing, which many of his friends will no doubt recognize. During the Cuban excitement, and just at the time that Crittenden and others had been shot at Havana, a crew of a shipwrecked Spanish brig were taken to Mobile, and the Spanish Consul fearing for their lives, engaged Maury to take them to Havana. Starting with his little schooner he ran down and made the headlands of Cuba, and went into Havana by guess. Going abroad of one of our men-of-war, which was lying in the port, the Commander asked him if his chronometer was all right. Maury laughed and said he had not a single instrument on board. "How did you come down, Capt. Maury?" inquired the Commander. "Steered for it, sir, and made it," replied Maury. "Ah! but," replied his questioner, "how do you expect to return?" "Well, the fact of it is," said Maury, in his peculiar way, "we laid in a pretty good stock of champagne before we started, and as each bottle was finished (and it was not long between drinks I assure you) I threw it over the stern, and I am going to sail back by the bottles!" The commander eyed him pretty closely and set him down for a fast boy. Some weeks afterwards, it is told of the commander, that when out in the gulf he spied something floating on the water, and calling his quartermaster, took the spy-glass and bore down on it. Seeing that it was a bottle, he said to the lieutenant on watch, "There is some of Capt. Maury's longitude."

Mr. White says that the men are very much crowded, and we might well expect such to be the case, when we come to think of two hundred and twenty men, besides the crew, upon the vessel of about eighty tons. There was not the least sign of dissatisfaction when Mr. White left, and he describes them dancing on the deck of the vessel in the heavy swell to the music of a fiddle, the performer sitting upon the capstan, and calling out the figures with as much earnestness as if he were seated upon the platform of the Odd Fellows' Hall.

It was the intention of Captain Maury to put Mr. White upon the first homeward bound vessel, and though they saw several before they met the Oregon, they were all too far to windward. The sea was very rough when the transfer was made, and it proved to be rather a dangerous undertaking. The swell was so great that, after the yawl was cast off from the Susan, the Lieutenant could only get a glimpse of her now and then. The last glimpse he got of her, he saw the men still dancing, and Captain Maury standing on the after-deck, waving in his hand the Nicaraguan flag.

Amy, the negro woman of Samuel G. Jones, who was enticed from his service the past fall, while on a visit to New York, and whose request to be permitted to return to her master we published a short time since, has been furnished with the means and returned to her home in Montgomery, thoroughly satisfied with the liberty free negro life in New York affords. She says her colored friends persuaded her that slavery was a sinful institution, and that she, as a Christian woman, was bound to repudiate it. Amy further states that after a few weeks she found employment as chambermaid to a lady, who told her that she had done wrong in quitting her owner, as according to the negro herself, she was well treated and had a good home with him. This suggestion induced her to return, and she expresses the belief that she would have starved or frozen had she remained.

[Columbus (Ga.) Sun.

THE SUSAN'S TRIP.

THE N. O. Delta announces that Lieut.